











SADDLED WITH HIS USUAL MORNING HANGOVER, TANK HAGEN BLEARILY HEADS FOR THE SUBURBS

AND AS HE INCREASES HIS SPEED TO MAKE UP FOR A LATE START...

...DON'T WORRY! THE LIBRARY AIN'T FAR!
I KNOW RANDY! BUT BE CAREFUL ANYHOW RIDING YOUR BICYCLE! ...PROMISE?

AS RANDY DEPARTS FOR THE LIBRARY...

...HE'LL BE BACK SOON, BILL!

THEN WE CAN'T WASTE ANY TIME!

AND A MOMENT LATER...IN THE COUNTY ORPHANS HOME...

...WHY, GOOD MORNING, MR. BRADLEY!...YES... HOW IS RANDY MEX GETTING ALONG? ADOPTION?!

DIRECTOR

MR. BRADLEY, YOU WANT TO ADOPT RANDY MEX?

YES! MY WIFE AND I...WE'VE BECOME VERY FOND OF HIM!... AND HE SEEMS TO LIKE IT HERE!...SO...

I UNDERSTAND! BUT THE ADOPTION AGENCY WILL HAVE TO BE CONTACTED! ...A CASEWORKER SENT TO YOUR HOME...

THE SOONER THE BETTER AS FAR AS WE'RE CONCERNED!

MEANWHILE...

...HESA WHAT A HEAD I'VE GOT FROM LAST NIGHT!

...OUGHTA PULL OVER AND GRAB SOME SHUT-EYE BEFORE...



...AND THE KID TURNED RIGHT INTO MY TRUCK! ...IT WAS HIS FAULT, OFFICER!

DO YOU HAVE ANY WITNESSES, MR. HAGEN?

WITNESSES? NOBODY SAW IT HAPPEN! EXCEPT ME!



...WHAT'S THE REPORT ON THE BOY'S CONDITION? ...I SEE...

...WHO WAS DRIVING THE TRUCK THAT RAN HIM DOWN? ...HAGEN? THAT GUY AGAIN?

WHILE ELSEWHERE... IMMEDIATELY AFTER A DOORBELL RINGS...

RANDY, WHAT TOOK YOU...SO...?

Jeff Hawke
BY STONEY JORDAN

OVER THE NORTH SEA, EAST OF SCARBOROUGH, AND WHERE THE HOLE IN SPACE SHOULD BE...



WE'RE THERE NOW, I GUESS—

BUT NOTHING HAPPENS!



FIVE MINUTES LATER, STILL SHOOTING ON COURSE OVER THE NORTH SEA...

MAYBE THE HOLE ISN'T THERE ANY MORE!

OR MAYBE MY MATHS WEREN'T GOOD ENOUGH! LET'S GO ROUND AGAIN!



Jeff Hawke
BY STONEY JORDAN

A SECONDS TRY TO FIND THE HOLE IN SPACE...



STILL NOTHING—

IN THE CARDS—BAY, MAC ACCURATELY FIGURES THE AIRCRAFT'S FLIGHT-PATH...

FROM THE FEEL OF THINGS, THEY'RE HAVING NO JOY WITH THEIR POSITION-FIX...



NOT GOT TO AUSTRALIA YET?



Jeff Hawke
BY STONEY JORDAN

LOOK, WHY NOT BRING ME INTO THIS? I MAY BE AN IDIOT IN SOME RESPECTS, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO NAVIGATION—



OKAY, GIVE HIM THE GEN.

MAC SWIFTLY TURNS AN EXPERT EYE THROUGH THE 'SECRET' DATA...

YEAH, YOU'VE GIVE-CORRECTED FOR WIND-VELOCITY—



I DON'T SEE THAT!

AFTER SOME COMPUTATIONS ON A SLIDERULE...

—THAT'S THE FIX YOU WANT. NOW LET ME TAKE THE CONTROLS—



Jeff Hawke
BY STONEY JORDAN

MAC AT THE FREIGHTER CONTROLS...



YOU WERE ONLY SUPPOSED TO BE AIDING AS PASSENGER—

SOON, YOU COULDN'T FIND THE HOLE IN SPACE, COULD YOU?

YOU'VE KEPT THIS GEN TO YOURSELF?



OKAY, I MAKE US THERE NOW!

A SUDDEN BUMP—



Jeff Hawke
BY STONEY JORDAN

THE AIR FREIGHTER, THIS TIME PILOTED BY MAC MACLEAN, ONCE AGAIN HITS THE HOLE IN SPACE—



WELL, BOYS, WE SEEM TO BE THERE—

ROUGHER THAN LAST TIME—

NOW!

Jeff Hawke
BY STONEY JORDAN

THROUGH THE HOLE IN SPACE—!



ONCE AGAIN, SUDDEN DIAZING SUNLIGHT—



BUT THIS TIME—

IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE AUSTRALIAN GUT-BACK TO ME...





MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FENNELL



THE VANQUISHED ARE DEPARTED, SHE'S... TURNS YOUR SHARE OF THE WINNINGS, TAX FREE... I RECKON WE'VE EARNED OURSELVES A NIGHTCAP.



MY GOD, I DON'T THINK THEY'LL BE INTERESTING TOWARDS YOU AGAIN, WILL THEY? BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T STAY FOR A NIGHTCAP...



SOMETHING'S BLOWN UP... PART OF THE DEFENCE MINISTRY TO BE EXACT...

AND THAT'S NOT ALL...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FENNELL



ABOUT THE SAME TIME THAT THE EXPLOSION TOOK PLACE AT THE MINISTRY, YOUR FRIEND CARSON WAS MURDERED AT HIS HOTEL.



I WONDER... WAS BELL'S FORMERLY INTERVIEWED IN THE BLOW-UP?

YES THE SAFE WAS TORN APART AND EVERYTHING IN IT BURNED TO ASHES... I HAVE TO SEE THE MINISTER RIGHT AWAY.



I'LL GO AN' TELL MODESTY... O' BELL, AND SHE WON'T LIKE THIS - NOR DO I.

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FENNELL



TO FIND OUT ALL I CAN ABOUT THIS BUSINESS... AND I MAY-SEE- DROP IN UNOFFICIALLY ON MODESTY TOMORROW MORNING.

FAIR ENOUGH, SIR S.



AND AS A LONG SHOT, CHECK ON BELL'S SECRETARY, SHARON DILL... SHE MAKES MY BARS PRICKLE.

WON'T SHE SAY THANK YOU, WILL SHE...



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, WILLIE LEANS AND KEY TO THE PRIVATE LIFT LEADING TO MODESTY'S APARTMENT.

WANT ME TO RING UP, MR. SHARP?

NO NEED, THANKS VERY MUCH.

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FENNELL



MODESTY WOULD HAVE BEEN ASLEEP AS A BUTTERFLY SOUNDS SOFTLY BESIDE HER BED...

THE LIFT...



WILLIE?

YES, PRINCESS - SORRY TO WAKE YOU BUT IT'S IMPORTANT.



WING - IT'S MR. SHARPIN, IS HIS ROOM READY IF HE NEEDS IT?

ALWAYS READY, MISS BLAISE.

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FENNELL



TRUBLE, WILLIE?

IT'S NOT OWN TRUBLE YET, PRINCESS - BUT SOMEONE BURN UP A CAR ON THE DEFENCE MINISTRY SUPPLY-HOUSE AND...



AND... SOMEONE MURDERED CARSON BELL.



SO I RECKONED MAYBE...?

YES, THAT MAKES IT OUR TRUBLE, WILLIE.

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER FENNELL



HOW WAS CARSON BELL MURDERED?

I DON'T KNOW ANY DETAILS, PRINCESS - BUT SOMEONE'S GOING TO LOOK IN AND SEE YOU TOMORROW...



SO I THOUGHT I'D BETTER STAY THE NIGHT IN CASE YOU WANTED ME.

MURDER... AND ARSON AT THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE...



AND SOMEONE KNOCKED OFF THOSE INDUSTRIAL SPIES - THAT WASN'T SURE.

NO, THERE'S A BIG BOY OPERATING ON THIS, WILLIE - A VERY BIG BOY.

THE CITY MEN BRING NEEDLES AND PILLS TO POISON OUR PEOPLE.

WE KNOW WHAT IS BEST FOR OUR PEOPLE!

THEY ARE THE BEST!

LEADER OF THE CITY
MEN -- CALLS HIMSELF
"PRESIDENT"
A "DOCTOR
LOAN!"

ON WITCHMAN'S PEAK--NOOGAAN--"KING" OF THE WITCHMEN!

WITCHMEN, WE FIGHT THE CITY MEN AND THEIR POLICE!! IF OUR PEOPLE ACCEPT THEM, WE LOSE OUR POWER. DO YOU HEAR?

WE HEAR!

WE HEAR!

A black and white cartoon illustration of three men in traditional African attire running. The man in the center is shouting "OUT-SIDER!" while the other two shout "THAT NOISE?" and "OUTSIDER!" respectively.

THEY RECOGNIZE AN OLD ENEMY.

KILL!! KILL!! KILL!!

WITCHMEN'S PLAN?

WAIT -- WITCHMEN -- YOU ARE WRONG TO FIGHT PRESIDENT ULUG. HE IS TRYING TO HELP YOUR PEOPLE.

HE IS A SPY OF LUGAT!

KILL -- SWISH -- BURN...

**WATCHMEN'S RECK-
ING THE PHANTOM DIVER
INTO DARKNESS...**

THE FLAMING TORCHES
REACH THE WATER --
THEN DARKNESS --

IS HE DEAD?

CAN THE PHANTOM DIE?

SO DIE ALL ENEMIES OF THE WITCHMEN

THE PHANTOM IS A MAN-- HE CAN DIE... HE IS DEAD...



THE KEY TO THE 'GUEST ROOM' WHERE TED'S LOCKED IN! JORGE MUST HAVE IT ON HIM.

YES, I'VE FOUND SOME!

AS FLAMES SPREAD IN THE AULT MANSION!



GET OUT, TED! CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT FROM A NEIGHBOR'S!

NOT NO! I HAVE TO LEAD YOU TO TED...



WHAT'S GOING ON?

HURRY! THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME!



THE PRISONER IS FREED.

QUICK! THIS OLD PLACE WILL GO UP IN NO TIME!



BUT NEAR SAFETY...

OH-OH! I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS IN THE DRAWING ROOM!



AULT AND JORGE ARE IN THERE! I'VE GOT TO GIVE IT A TRY!

I'LL HELP! TELL ME WHAT TO DO!



AULT'S NEAR THAT DESK OVER THERE! STAY AS LOW AS YOU CAN AND TRY TO PULL HIM OUT. I'LL GET JORGE.

ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO!



THROUGH THE INFERNO IN SEARCH OF BOTH 'BRAIN' AND 'BRAWN'!



AND NERDIE FIGURES EMERGE.



'BRAIN' AND 'BRAWN' ARE BARRICADED FROM FIERY DEATH!

LAY HIM ON THE GRASS OVER HERE, TED!



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT AND POLICE ARE COMING, RIP. HOW IS MR. AULT?

HE'S STILL ALIVE, THEDA. THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY...



EXCEPT THAT THIS MEANS THE START OF A WHOLE NEW LIFE FOR YOU AND TED.

YES, DEAR, THANKS TO YOU...



FIREMEN FIGHT BRAVELY TO SAVE THE OLD AULT MANSION.



TED, YOU'RE FREE. AULT'S GONE TO THE HOSPITAL AND JORGE TO JAIL. THEY CAN FIGHT WITH EACH OTHER LATER.

THANKS, MR. KIRBY.



ISN'T IT STRANGE I HATED THAT HOUSE, BUT I'M SAD BECAUSE IT WAS THE ONLY HOME I EVER HAD.

YOU'LL HAVE A HAPPIER ONE, THEDA. MEANWHILE, MRS. WARRER WANTS YOU TO STAY WITH HER.



GENTLE, KIRBY LEADS THEDA BEHIND A HURRY.

COME, DEAR, MR. WARRER'S CAR IS WAITING...



I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER, RIP.

THANKS, HELEN. I'LL GET TED SITUATED SOMEWHERE...



AND HOME AT LAST.

A BRACING CUP OF TEA FOR YOU, SIR. YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT I READ IN THE LEAVES...

PLEASE, DESAND! NO MORE FORTUNE-TELLING OR ESP! IT'S BEEN AN EVENTFUL NIGHT...



by Edgar Rice Burroughs



by Edgar Rice Burroughs



by Edgar Rice Burroughs



by Edgar Rice Burroughs



by Edgar Rice Burroughs



by Edgar Rice Burroughs

